

The DUKE of  
**Mönmouth's** *Kind* Answer  
 TO HIS  
**Mournful Dutche's** Complaint.

*In the time of His Absence:*

VVith the great Acknowledgement of  
 His Princely Father's Love, whose Mer-  
 cy is beyond compare, and Pitty  
 admired by all the  
*European* Princes.

Entered according to Order.

**W**hat noise is this that soundeth in mine ear?  
 Sure 'tis the voice of my beloved dear;

My Noble Dutche's surely doth Complain

For my long absence, which doth her constrain  
 To sigh and mourn, then mourn and drop a tear,

Ah! what's become of my beloved dear?

VVhere is he gone, crys she? where is he fled?

VVithout all doubt, my Princely Love is dead.

VVere

Were he alive I think it could not be,  
 That my Delight should stay so long from me }  
 Alive or dead, Love, would I were with thee. }  
 This sound methinks doth pierce me to the heart,  
 I mourn that I was forc'd from her to part :  
 Well, i'll Return, what ever doth betide,  
 With her to dwell, where my Soul doth abide ;  
 I come, my Dutchess, do no more complain,  
 Thou wilt enjoy thy hearts Delight again :  
 That Princely Monarch whom I did offend,  
 I hope in God, once more will be my Friend ;  
 And if my Pardon I can once obtain,  
 To gain the *World* i'll ne'r offend again :  
 My Soul within me bleeds, to think that I,  
 Was from my Father's presence forc'd to flye, }  
 And then I check my self, fye *Jemmy*, fye ! }  
 But if I live, mine Honour i'll regain,  
 To wipe out that which Folly once did stain :  
 Through Seas of Dangers for my Father, I  
 VVill freely venture, in his Quarrel dye ;  
 Or gain such Honour that all shall admire  
 Young *Jemmy's* heart should to that heighth aspire !  
 Nay, and to make amends too, I will strive,  
 And if I can by any means contrive,  
 To add such Glory to my Father's Name,  
 That e'ry tongue shall through the world proclaim. }  
 And as to thee, my Dutchess, if I live,  
 For thy true love i'll Satisfaction give : }  
 No longer for thy *Jemmy* shalt thou mourn, }  
 Nor drown'd thy self in Tears, like one forlorn ; }  
 And e'ry sigh thou gav'st for my amiss,  
 Shall be rewarded with a loving Kiss :  
 Sigh you, I'll grieve, and when you shed a tear,  
 I'll hugg and comfort my beloved Dear ;  
 Love

Love ne'r so well, i'll strive thee to out-vie;  
 I hate to be in debt for Constancy;  
 VVhat Kindnesses soever you do show  
 To me, i'll not one dram of Kindness owe;  
 For when you smile, i'll smile, but if you frown  
 On me my Dear, you'll see me sinking down;  
 A signal Token that I ill resent,  
 The Emblems of my true loves discontent.  
 My study now shall be to make amends,  
 First to my Prince, next to my Royal Friends;  
 And e'ry Friend I find that I have here,  
 I'll find some way or other to endear.  
 A Prince that sprung from such a Royal Line,  
 Or had a Princely Father like to mine,  
 Should unto Deeds of Honour still incline,  
 The residue of all my days i'll spend  
 So, that the Universe shall me commend;  
 I'll merit Honour if it may be gain'd,  
 Ignoble Actions all shall be disdain'd.  
 And having compass'd what I here do say,  
 VVith Honour lye down in my Bed of Clay;  
 For all the Honours that a prince can gain,  
 He must from hence, not always here remain,  
 Then let our actions Righteous be and Just,  
 Princes and Peasants all must turn to Dust,  
 At God's Tribunal there appear he must.  
 All Youthful Vigour will in time decay,  
 And Riches they have wings and flye away;  
 There's nothing Stable underneath the Sun,  
 Lofty Ambition thousands hath undone.  
 But finding more than I could well expect,  
 And since the Powers above do me protect,  
 I'll strive to merit what's bestow'd on me,  
 And to maintain my Father's Dignity.

My Dutchess I do hope, shall grieve no more,  
 VVho for my absence was oppressed sore;  
 And her dear love ile certainly repay,  
 Her love I will ingraft, my King obey;  
 So that when I submit to pale-fac'd Death,  
 VVho certainly must stop my murmur'ing breath,  
 Sure some kind Soul so mournfully will say,  
 'Twas pittie Death snatcht this poor Duke away.  
 Sure to the Power Divine I must submit,  
 And beg of God, Transgressions to remit;  
 That when at his Great Bar I shall appear,  
 I may be loved there as well as here.  
 That *Monmouth's* Name may never be forgot,  
 VVhose Carcass in the Grave must lye and rot;  
 Yet my immortal Soul I hope will be,  
 Through Jesus Christ, blest to Eternity:  
 A Heavenly Diadem I would obtain,  
 To live where Jesus doth in Glory Reign,  
 Then shall I have no reason to complain,

Printed for *Tbo: Wright*, 1683.



